The Bystander, September 6, 1916.—No. 666. Vol. LI

The BYSTANDER

MISS LILY BRAYTON

Looking as fiercely handsome as ever as the heroine of the new Oriental Revue-Drama, "Chu-Chin-Chow," at His Majesty's Theatre—a magnificent stage spectacle

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

"Rideec'lous"

"IT'S jest rideec'lous," remarked the Scotsman when the last of a succession of domestic bereavements was announced to him. The German for "rideec'lous" is *lächerlich*. "It's just *lächerlich*, my dear Falkenhayn" will have been the comment of the Kaiser on hearing the news of the Roumanian declaration of war, and the "retreat according to plan," of yet another of Austria's gallant armies.

Changing the Pilot

THERE are various views as to the inner inwardness of the calling up of Hindenburg and the dismissal of Falkenhayn. Our Press, too prone to facetiousness, seems as usual to have missed the truth in its thirst for funny headlines. The *Times* digest of German press views suggests that the Pan-Germans and Junkers are secretly seething with rage about the whole business. Hindenburg is all right in colossal bronze, but not in diminutive flesh. The victor of Tannenberg—which was quite a long time ago—was all very well as an idol, but idols are not expected to materialise themselves into the shape of Chief of the General Staff. They have an autocratic way with them which goes ill with mere mortals, and Berlin is not likely to be a healthy place for Crown Princes or even Kaisers while Hindy sits in the Wilhelmstrasse, in close conclave with Bethmann.

Paradoxical but Probable

ACCORDING to the *Times*, Hindenburg's appointment is a knock-out blow for "Prussian militarism." Paradox, if you like. But it bears analysis. Chancellor Bethmann is not supposed particularly to desire much more of the kind of war that the Junkers forced upon him. He may be assumed to like it less now that there appears to be not a dog's chance of winning it in any one theatre, let alone in six.

"Bluff" in Excelsis

TO "throw up the sponge" is a thing no mere Chancellor would dare do. But idols may tread where Chancellors fear to look. It is just conceivable that the appointment of Hindenburg is a colossal bit of bluff, intended to cover a retreat somewhere, or everywhere, on the part of the "conquering" Huns. But before that retreat takes place "according to plan," Hindenburg will try to secure another Tannenberg.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE

At Berne visiting the Bread Bureau of the British Prisoners of War. We refrain from inquiring whether the bread in use is "Standard".

Any More Tannenbergs?

WHERE? On the West, I don't think. There's something about the West that has never seemed to suit the idol's health. There are none of those Masurian lakes between the sea and the Vosges into which innocent armies may be lured. Joffre and Haig know the geography of France and Flanders too infernally well. Hindenburg may try his second Tannenberg somewhere around Riga: or he may try it in Volhynia: or he may try it at the expense of the impetuous Rumans. At the moment of writing, I see that German-Bulgar forces are fighting the Rumans in the Dobrudsha. I am no strategist, but it looks to me as though any Tannenberg won in those remote regions will be won against, and not by, Hindenburg.

The Salonica Puzzle

WHAT continues to puzzle everybody in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and the entire solar system, is why Sarrail does not move from Salonica. Hagglings with King Constantine, intensely interesting and intriguing as they are to the newspaper reader, suggest the proverbial fiddling while Rome burns. If Tino and the Greeks come in now, of what use will they be, torn as they are with faction and demoralised by indecision? Conscientious objectors will be lions compared with them.

Tino in a Late Group

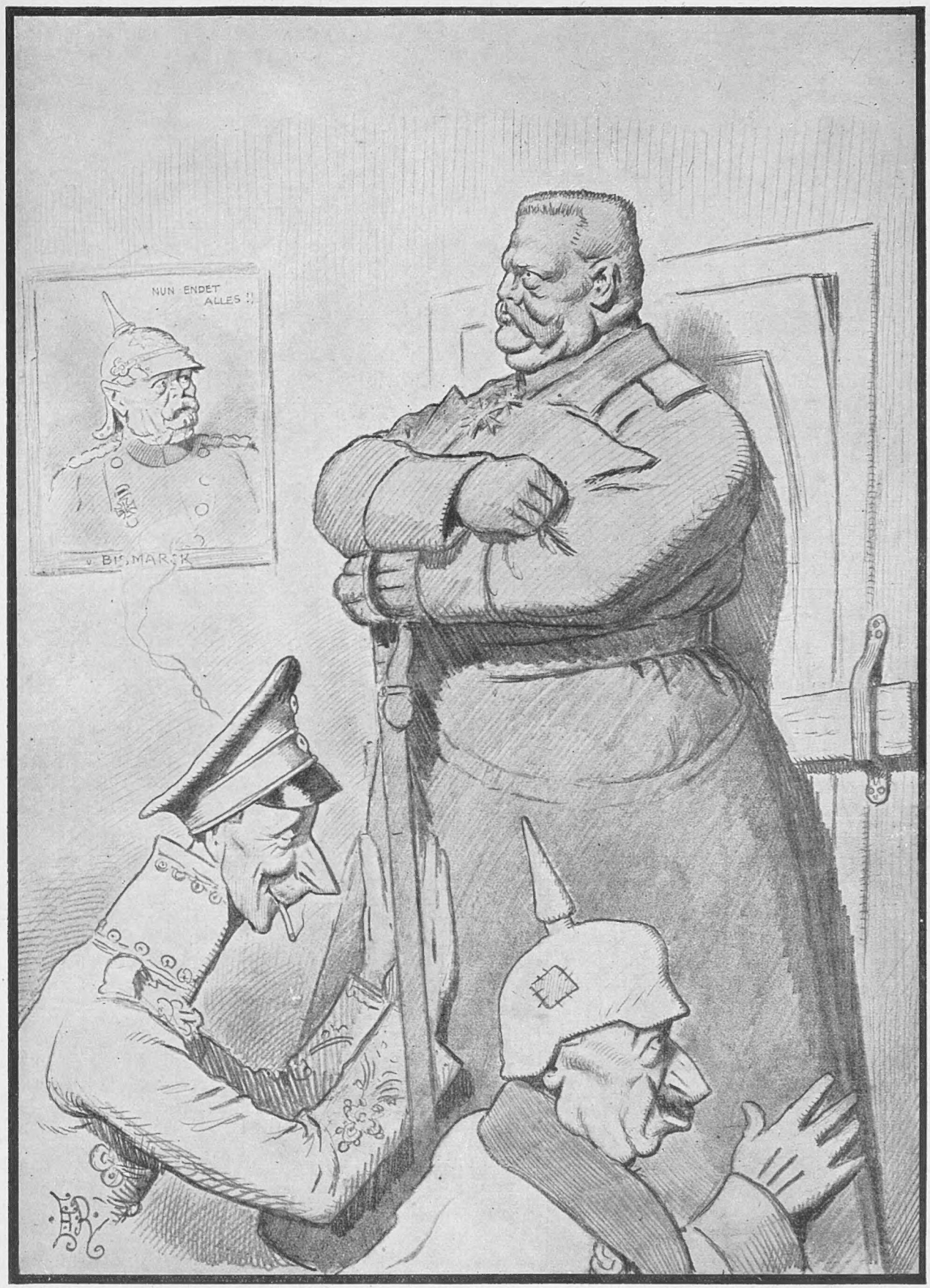
AT the moment, however, I see that Tino is said to have asked to be allowed to attest and to come in as a "volunteer" after all. If so, let him have the armlet by all means, but put him in a very late group—for "garrison duty at home."

The Zepp. That Did Not Return

THE Zepps. again, one of them down and done for, the others driven off! The Kaiser reminds me of nothing more than that character in one of Mr. Carton's farces, who, whenever anything perturbed him, sought for a china bowl or ornament to drop somewhere. To be killed, or damaged, or to have one's family or property destroyed in the dark by a sky-fiend, is too horrible a personal experience to jest about, and all sympathy is due to those who have suffered. But do the Germans not know yet that the general moral effect of even a big and destructive raid on the British people is nil? The massacre of a dozen or two non-combatants inspires mere contempt for the foe who resorts to such vile methods.

(Continued on page 397)

Touch Wood!



WILLIE THE HOPELESS: "Capital tip of yours, Pater, shoving this old 'Idol' up against the door! He'll keep 'em out if anything will, and if he doesn't, oh, well! it's all 'kaput' with that little dynasty of ours, among other things. What?!!!"

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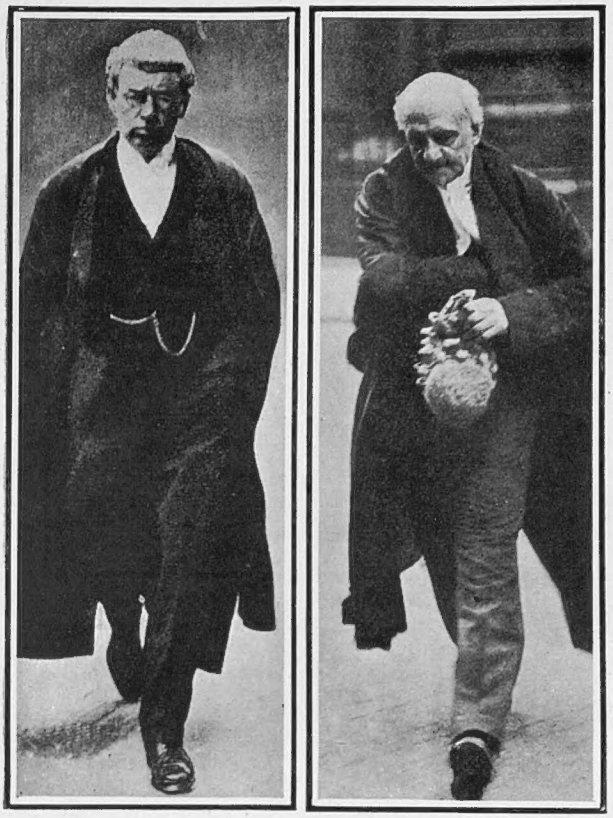
BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*continued from page 394*)

Wigs on the Green

THE sacred repose of the Long Vacation, invaded by an act of self-sacrifice, has now avenged itself. Mr. Justice Eve consented to break up his



WIGS ON THE GREEN

The two Silks, whose treatment of each other has been so unsilky. Mr. Hughes wears an aspect of "frightfulness," but Mr. Upjohn, with his wig already off, and looking quite ready to take his coat off, too, is clearly prepared for any aggression

holiday to try out the Globe and Phœnix case, an interminable litigation as to seams of gold which run cheerily under several properties, causing questions as to whether you can follow your quarry to the side, or can only fish for it when it dips and dives beneath the surface of your own particular claim. The result is that overworked counsel forgo usual amenities, and Mr. Upjohn, after speaking end on for a trifle of thirty days or so, is more indignant than usual to find himself first interrupted and then requested to go on by opposing counsel, Mr. Hughes. Such language as "insolent and impertinent," "scoundrel," and "disgrace to the profession" is seldom heard in the staid precincts of the Chancery Division, but it is reported to have passed between those learned friends. Yet is there golden plaster for such hurts, and, not being shareholders in the Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia or its opponents, we hope the gold may not have had to be beaten out too thin during the prolonged debate.

⁂ ⁂

Voting in the Trenches

REMEMBER the tragic fate of the Government's little Registration and Election Bill? Couldn't tackle the question of how to obtain the Army vote; and proposed to let a Committee settle it—or shelve it. But the Commons weren't taking any, and, in effect, said, "You're the Government; find the way out yourselves." Result—nothing doing till after the holidays, if then.

⁂ ⁂

How They Work It from Down Under

BUT they've got an election and a referendum on in Australia just now, and the question on which that election is to be fought is Conscription or no Conscription. And in Australia they possess the electrifying Mr. Hughes, who gets things done. And the way in which he is going to be sure to get the full vote of the Australians who are serving the Empire 6,000 miles away is to arrange for their voting by proxy—and there can't be much doubt as to which way that proxy vote will be cast!

⁂ ⁂

Old Institutions and New

THERE are advantages in being a new country. You are not hampered by precedents and predilections. When a thing has got to be done, it gets done in a whole-hearted way instead of being tinkered at. Instead of making mole-hill difficulties assume a mountainous aspect, and therefore doing nothing, the most Alpine awkwardnesses can be rendered accessible by the determination not to fiddle-faddle, which is Mr. Hughes' most salient characteristic. Good luck to him: and when his elections are over I hope he will come back here and give us a helping hand with our own election troubles. He's wanted.

⁂ ⁂

That Lost Penny

MORE sleepless nights for the Comptroller and Auditor-General! While other Generals have merely the simple job of running the war, he has been for a year on the comfortless job of trying to find a penny that went wrong in the Paymaster-General's

(*Continued on page 398*)

GENERAL SARRAIL

The Man of the near future in the Near East: Commanding-in-Chief the Southern Balkan armies of the Allies

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued from page 397)

accounts for 1914-15, and is still unaccounted for in the 1915-16 balance. Even the fact that he has a comfortable balance of a couple of million pounds cannot solace him; but he has now wisely suspended the search until after the war. The quest will then doubtless provide a "tempy" job for those accountants who will be discarding khaki and returning to their civil employments; but it seems likely to cost about as much to get the thing right as to ration an Army Corps for six months. Still, when professional pride is at stake, nothing else matters: that penny must be found.

THE DREAM—

The Zeppelin as it appears to the eye of faith in Germany, dealing death and destruction "over a British Industrial Area," thus pictured in "Über Land und Meer"

A Correction

In certain copies of our issue of August 23, a mistake was made in the titling of Mr. Arthur Watts' drawing "Types they have in the Navy" in which the R.N.R. was titled R.N.V.R. and *vice versâ*. In the majority of copies the mistake was corrected, and we should like it to be understood that the fault is not that of Mr. Watts, who is himself a lieutenant in the R.N.V.R. and incapable of inaccuracy in such a matter.

(Continued on page 400)

—AND THE REALITY!

The Zeppelin—or what is left of it—as it appeared to the eyes of thousands in the dawn of Sunday last, reduced to ashes in the fields near Cuffley, Enfield, after providing an unparalelled pyrotechnic display to an unperturbed London

The Devon and Somerset Staghounds

MEET AT NORTH MOLTON

MISS JEFFERSON AT THE MEET

EARL FORTESCUE
Acting Master, at the head of the field

MISS DOROTHY GREIG
Home on leave from her Red Cross work in France, enjoying the prospect of a good day's sport

Photographs *Sport and General*

THE OLD-ESTABLISHED PACK OF THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS
Still active, though fields rule small. They are seen in this picture just moving off to the draw

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 398)

Games Verboten

THE Czech Football League has been dissolved by order of the Military Governor of Bohemia. This is a portent almost as great as the dramatic entry of Roumania into the War, for it is another step in the direction of the break-up of the Empire of the Habsburgs—an empire the tendency of which has always been the suppression of small nationalities. Now, you can suppress small nationalities all right when you are big and powerful and prosperous enough yourself, and are a bit of a bully; but when bad times come along the small nationalities under your sway have a chance of getting their own back.

⁂ ⁂

A Cover for National Aspirations

BOHEMIAN nationalist aspirations, always eager, found one of their outlets in the Czech Football League, which was a rapidly growing organisation before the War, and bound its thousands of members together by that most powerful tie, the brotherhood of games. Men who have been comrades on the playing-fields are all the more certain to support each other on the field of battle, especially when they are fighting for their own nationality and not merely at the despotic bidding of their tyrannous overlords. Bohemia will seethe with fury at this latest Austrian oppression, and remember it when their day of freedom dawns, not far distant.

⁂ ⁂

"Too Proud to Fight"

PRESIDENT WILSON'S often-quoted remark, which has become one of the most famous *clichés* of the war, is now being assiduously explained away by his supporters in the forthcoming U.S. Presidential Election. Judge Hughes, the Republican candidate, is being adjured not to use the President's dictum for electioneering purposes; but he is unlikely to be lured into quiescence on a point which has given so much offence to many Americans, since it lowered their country so greatly in the eyes of the Allies, and even of other neutrals, who certainly never alleged pride as the main reason for their neutrality. The President's chief apologist is one Senator Lewis, who has ransacked the classics to prove that "too proud to fight" is merely a paraphrase of "*non dimicare est vincere*" (true victory is attained by not fighting); but this ingenious explanation is not likely to "cut much ice" with the normal Yankee, who takes no stock in any classic remark save, possibly, *Pecunia non olet!*

"DON'T SHOOT! I'LL COME DOWN!"

Might well be the adopted motto of a hostile aircraft on observing the threat of the extremely efficient-looking anti-aircraft gun of the U.S. battleship *Texas*. This 3-in. gun can fire thirty shots a minute, and Uncle Sam intends to arm all his warships with it

⁂ ⁂

One Good Turn——

IT seems that the Germans are at last going to "get their own back"—from Roumania—in shells!

⁂ ⁂

Less Leggishness

GENERAL SIR HORACE SMITH-DORRIEN'S appeal to the revue managers to let the loveliness of their chorus-ladies be less leggish and the witticisms of their comedians less waggish, in order that the morals of tempy 2nd loots, and others, may not encounter such horrible dangers, is not likely to produce any very startling stage changes. It is the business of theatrical managers to provide what the public wants, and not only do they know that business very well, but they are fully aware that the public is the best of all possible censors of what is provided for it. Tempy 2nd loots have not ceased to be young men just because they have become officers in H.M. forces, and they probably realise what is before them when they get out to the front quite vividly enough to make them appreciate a little liveliness of a different kind before they go.

With the Kangaroos to England

PASSED BY CENSOR

Scenes and incidents on an England-bound transport bringing Australian troops to bear their share of the Empire's War

SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY AN ANZAC SOLDIER ON HIS WAY OVER

A Wedding and an Engagement

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

LADY LEVINGE

Who was married on August 31 to Major R. V. Buxton, son of the late Francis Buxton, M.P., and kinsman of Viscount Buxton

Photograph *Val L'Estrange*

MISS DAPHNE BOURKE

Engaged to Lieutenant John Fortescue, of the Coldstream Guards. She is the only child of the Hon. Algernon Bourke, heir-presumptive to the Earldom of Mayo

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *September* 4, 1916.

DEAR COUSIN—

SEPTEMBER—and the time for partridges. But not *toujours perdrix*, not a bit of it—which was the fortunate fate, you remember, of Henri IV.'s confessor. That tactless divine had been reproachful on the subject of H.M.'s amours, and this was the King's allegorical excuse as well as the priest's punishment. A punishment some of us could do with a bit of, these days.

"A surprise parcel that had cold partridge in it"

GAME in England is the rich man's food pure and simple, and though nearly every year we hear the same story about how grouse and the rest of it ought to be cheaper than meat, it never happens. And we've yet to hear of the patriotic owner of a big shoot who sends his birds to market to be sold cheap so as to relieve the food pressure, not to speak of giving the less fortunate public, who've only *heard* of such things, a welcome change of diet.

BUT what a chance they've got now, those people with thousands of acres of shooting at their disposal, of combining pleasure with patriotism and doing our men at the Front one of those little good turns that count for such a lot. For a tired man in the trenches it's just the sort of surprise packet that would make all the difference, wouldn't it, a parcel that had a cold partridge inside it and a bottle of Bollinger to wash it down with?

IT'S the meal of meals anywhere, anyhow. And food, the right sort of food, is a wonderful disperser of the blue devils that they tell me attack one so ferociously "out there" sometimes. Not to speak of something nice to drink, of the sort in which, as Meredith wrote, you watch "the deliberate constant ascent of bubbles through their rose-topaz transparency."

TALKING of partridges, it's amusing to read in the latest and one of the most brilliant of the century's memoirs, Mr. Shane Leslie's *The End of a Chapter*, how his grandfather, Sir John Leslie, who only died last year, actually used to shoot his birds with a muzzle-loader, and often, too, kill 'em at distances which the modern gun can't reach.

"—And they were caretakers and cats"

AS a cousin of Winston C., the newest writer of recollections is duly youthful and irreverent. Several knocks at the poor old Prince Consort, whom he refers to as "an Evangelical German who introduced Christmas trees into England, whereby toy-makers in the Fatherland have since grown rich," are necessarily included in the Post-Victorian memoirs of one who is not afraid to touch the living as well as the dead with a pen as acid as it is penetrating.

OF Queen Victoria he says—she was unspoiled and unimaginative and so high-minded that presentation at her Court became a certificate in domestic morals. Of King Edward—he was a go-between rather than a statesman, a conversationalist rather than a man of letters. Of King George—he proved a sedative in feverish times. He collected postage-stamps in preference to racing-cups, and threw a keener eye on pheasants than on women. The upper-class, who were beginning to play at decadence, smiled at his domestic virtues. But the middle-classes welcomed him.

THE Great War came none too soon, according to this critic of our times. "July, 1914—those were the days of the Russian ballet and the tango—the days when Suffragettes were raided in London, and guns run in Ireland. Society in London danced madly during those last days. The tango was in the ascendant. But it was the prelude to the dance of death."

HE says the secret of his cousin, Winston Churchill's, soul is adventure—it started with "King Solomon's Mines," which he read twelve times as a small boy and then nearly drove the author wild cross-examining him about it. But when he returned from the last German

(Continued on page 404)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*continued from page 403*)

manœuvres, which he witnessed as the Kaiser's guest, he said, "I can only thank God there is a sea between England and that army!"

❋ ❋

THE other book of the week that we should all be talking about like mad, I expect, if there wasn't a war, is Mr. George Moore's "The Brook Kerith." He's rewritten the New Testament, you know—We've got to have things up-to-date or nothing now, haven't we? Odd how often people take to religion in their later years who devoted the earlier ones to—quite other things. Of course, *I've* never read his "Confessions of a Young Man," nor, of course, have you, but people who have say that to have him solemnly discussed now by parsons and people as a "religious" writer is really the biggest scream yet. Apropos, Mr. Leslie says that it was typical of the Victorian and post-Victorian ages that up to 1900 everybody pretended he had not read George Moore, while under King Edward all pretended they had.

❋ ❋

THERE'S just a tiny touch of autumn in the air, I'm afraid, and if we'd wanted to drink the health of our new Ally, Roumania, in rain water last week we could have done it in buckets. And the Zeppelin season's in full swing, and so are all the old stories about the fleets of them all ready and waiting to harass us, and of new monster ones that can fly seventy-five miles an hour, climb 17,000 feet, travel 3,000 miles, and carry a crew of thirty or forty men as well as machine-guns at bow, stern, and on top, five tons of bombs, and a few quick-firers.

"There's just a tiny touch of autumn in the air"

❋ ❋

AND the Government's gone for a holiday, so it's no good being annoyed about the way we let 'em come and go at their own sweet will—I mean, nothing'll *happen*, however furious you feel on the subject (not that it makes much difference whether the Government's there or not). So most of us are keeping calm, which is better, and quite easy, too, when you don't happen to have been Zepped yourself.

❋ ❋

BUT all the same, I sometimes wish we did protest a bit more, some of us, and that everyone wasn't so horribly obedient and amenable to authority, and all that sort of thing. It's so dull when everybody just puts up with everything and does what he's told (or she), and behaves all the time like a little gentleman, or a little lady—but that doesn't happen so often. As Mr. Henry Arthur Jones said when somebody accused him of libelling English Society in his new play, *We Can't be as Bad as All That*—virtue is all very well, but it's the vicious who provide the playwright with plots for plays, the parson with souls to save, and the ordinary person with something to talk about.

❋ ❋

TAKE the Navy. You know the sort of answer you get if you ask them about that "blockade," for instance—surely the leakiest thing of that name that ever was. Why it doesn't run a real one, and why it lets into, say, Holland, so many thousands of tons of foodstuffs more than that commercial country ever imported before, when the very babes and birds of the air know that it's all for the Germs, and that it's the very sinews of war we're sending them.

❋ ❋

THE answer is that the Foreign Office won't let them. That the orders are, Always to be Nice to Neutrals, no Matter how Nasty Neutrals are to Us, etc., etc., etc. But, dear me, must be making the Germans smile, mustn't it, to see us so carefully keeping peace-time rules and kow-towing to neutrals and getting kicked for it, while they flout every rule and every little nation—and thrive on it?

❋ ❋

STILL, it really doesn't seem to matter much in England now, whether there's a war or whether there isn't—as far as the money goes, anyway. Except, perhaps, to some of the people who ought to matter most, like officers' wives and families, who are having a horrid struggle to manage, some of them. And to those unfortunate ones who are past work and who've got to live on tiny incomes that grow tinier.

❋ ❋

FOOD'S an astounding price, and a sovereign's worth not much more than half, but no one seems to eat worse or less, the restaurants are still crammed, and I see they're doing up Claridge's from top to toe, and down at Brighton the big hotels say they've made profits beyond even *their* dreams of avarice, and turned away money doing it.

❋ ❋

AND the C.-in.-C. in France asked us as a favour not to take holidays. But never has the rush to make holiday been so perfectly terrific. The Court's at Windsor, the Cabinet's at Bognor or Criccieth, or North Berwick, burglars are having a walk-over in the suburbs. And as for Mayfair, it went off to its or other people's country houses positively *en masse*. Such a howling wilderness indeed is the last that

(*Continued on page 406*)

All Dressed Up— (?)

When the skirt is short, and the eye is glad,
The "sad sea wave" forgets to be sad!

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 404)

I counted two souls only in a walk round Grosvenor Square last week—and they were cats and caretakers.

❀ ❀

And there looks like being a positively brilliant, or, at any rate, very busy, autumn season. Is there a war? You wouldn't think so if you walked into any playhouse any night—specially the "variety" or revue ones. The summertime favourites are still going strong, and the rest of the theatres are opening up in dozens with brand-new plays, most of them the light-and-bright variety, of course—we *must* keep up our spirits in war-time!

❀ ❀

You know the sort of thing, marvellous frocks and lovely legs, and discreet jewels, and songs about "Love's Own Kiss" and "Lips that Caress," and, later on, "possess." No one can say our war-time amusements are a too severe strain on brains, can they?

❀ ❀

For the musical masses (the musical classes will be provided for by Beecham later on) there are concerts at Queen's Hall nightly—with plenty of Wagner. They're nothing if not broad-minded at the "Proms." With their new "war" films the cinemas are raking in the shekels—the rush was terrific last week when a rumour spread that a high authority was taking steps to have cut out what the people quite naturally love most, the German prisoner scenes.

❀ ❀

In better-class circles a Duke is showing miniatures worth millions at one of the museums, and a Duchess is opening this week the very latest thing in officers' hospitals—in the ducal mansion itself and all the counterpanes on all the beds made with her own fair lily white hand by the most daring and *dernier cri* of ducal daughters.

"Weighs about 40lbs. and feels like 400"

❀ ❀

I'm afraid we're perhaps getting just a little *used* to a war—in London, anyway. You feel it much worse in the country, where there's time to think and no narcotics in the way of noise and pleasure. In the capital I should think the amusement caterers are positively dreading the time when peace is declared and all these waves of excitement die down and we don't want "cheering up" any more or haven't got anything to "celebrate."

❀ ❀

But I don't think that'll be quite just yet, do you, for all the tales about Berlin subsisting on porridge and never even seeing meat and not allowed even to use push-bikes so's to save rubber? Governments do funny things, of course, but even they, with the war fizzling out, would hardly be asking for all the labour that can be got to build still more munition factories, or issue a standing appeal for women's work, or be still cherishing an idea of calling up men of forty-five.

And it doesn't point to the end, either, the very drastic training the embryo officer is still receiving—my word, but it would open some people's eyes, 'specially those a little apt to sneer at what they call "work" in the Army, to put in a week or two with one cadet corps I know.

❀ ❀

To start with, the discipline's that of the Guards—one man was washed out for smiling on parade—and the idea is, I suppose, to tabloid two years of Sandhurst into four months of cadet school. It takes some doing, as one who's doing it has just written me, and at the end of it "if the C.O. doesn't think you a likely officer he'll wash you out."

❀ ❀

"Here's a sample day. *Reveillé* 5 a.m. Make our beds, etc., and turn out for drill 6.30 to 7.30. Breakfast followed by physical drill, lecture, squad drill; 1 p.m. dinner, then bayonet-fighting, lecture, squad drill; 5 p.m., tea (not before it's wanted), then sports—running, cricket, or lawn tennis, all compulsory; 8 p.m., supper (light); 8.30—9.30., lecture or study; 10.15, lights out.

❀ ❀

"In addition, an exam. every week. Leave (short week-end) every six weeks—and then as a favour. Three shillings a day pay, but two shillings deducted for mess. We are treated as Tommies except that there's a fair mess and a lounge with papers and a piano—not that there's any time to lounge!"

❀ ❀

Not all roses and rapture, is it, in the army, even the baby part? And I noted a Guards sergeant had chosen the very hottest of afternoons to put the cadets nicely through it with pack drill last week. Left — right — left — right — right—turn—left—turn, without a moment's breathing space—it *sounded* hard work even without packs. With them—well, you just try and carry one on a hot day *and* quick march as well. Weigh about 40lbs. but *feel* more like 400.

❀ ❀

Don't want you to think our men are playing at it even here at home in England—that's why I told you all that.

With love, yours ever,

Blanche

P.S.—I've just received the following from a member of the B.E.F. in France. If anyone will send me along anything it would be most awfully kind of them. "Do you think you could possibly help us to get clothes for a theatrical show we run out here? In several moves our wardrobes have got lost, and if you know of anybody who would let us have some men's suits (cast-offs) and ladies' clothes as well I *wish* you'd just suggest it to them."

Types They Have in the Navy

PASSED BY CENSOR

No. 2.—"THE BIRD"

There is a type A.B.—by nature an upright and honest man—who seems to have been born under an unlucky star. Through no fault of his own he is continually in trouble. For instance, he may be carrying a pair of boots through the dock-gates in their modest brown paper covering. The interfering policeman at the gates insists on seeing the aforesaid boots, and, lo! and behold, on the wrappings being removed they have transformed themselves into tobacco! Who can struggle successfully against such buffets of Fate?

BY ARTHUR WATTS

War As It Might Have Been

WHAT HANWELL THINKS TO-DA'

By "FOR'ARD ON"

A GREAT number of people write letters to me, and some of them are very brainy. Others are not. There is, for instance, a lamentable lack of originality in the communications that reach me from my tailor, the Income Tax person, and my landlord. These gentlemen hold views which I do not share, and I resent the reiteration and emphasis with which they insist on thrusting themselves on my attention. Besides, it is abominable to waste stamps, paper, and time when we are at war. Being a perfect gentleman, I ignore that portion of my postbag and pass on.

"IDEALIST" (he encloses his real name, but nothing will induce me to betray his confidence) believes that the war is all wrong. He points out that the men who are fighting are our physically fittest, and he says that is ridiculous. He unfolds a scheme under which war, instead of being a curse, might be a blessing. Combatants should be (1) certified nuisances of both sexes. He defines them as "the out-of-joint people—mostly possessing straight lips and vile tempers." He believes that if they were sent out to do a bit of killing our casualty lists would become a sheer joy, and it would only be the generals who failed to perpetrate every conceivable sort of mistake who would deserve to be cashiered. "Idealist's" proposal will be received with uproarious enthusiasm by the Brass Hats. And that's not a bad start for him, anyway.

WHEN one thinks the matter out quietly one realises that "Idealist" is a great man. Why there are thousands of people who only succeed in annoying. One could conscript quite a decent little army from the idiots who write letters to the newspapers. Then there are the railway-carriage fiends, who *will* talk, and the club bores, who air their inanities when you want to be quiet. If such people fought—and fell (as I hope they would) we should only have lost our overgrowth and there would be more room for the young plants to grow. Of course, I know I am not exactly a young plant myself, but I am a jolly good sort, and no one with any taste would include me amongst the weed-outs.

EVERYONE will, I feel sure, agree with "Idealist" that there are also numbers of women who should be sent off to the Front at once. There are women with heads like horses and voices like corncrakes. We simply have no use for them. Then there are the very deliberate trouble-makers; the idle gossips; the women who lie, and even worst of all, the women who have the impertinence to believe that men are blackguards, that the world is all wrong, and that only their silly fuss and malevolent interference can put us right.

NOW, the genial "Idealist" is a practical fellow. He says that we can quite easily "nick off all the disagreeables." I love that word "nick." I can fancy myself "nicking." And what a blessed relief the process will give. Instead of becoming wrathful one merely "nicks"—and waits. "Idealist" believes that we should not have to wait very long. "Our first army could be 'nicked' in a week." Perhaps it could and then—and here we probe the innate greatness of his scheme. "Wars," writes "Idealist," "usually begin over trifles and develop their better justification at some later stage. Don't wait for any sort of reason. Merely write to some agreeable nation and say, 'We have a quarter of a million straight-lipped, raucous-voiced disagreeables. Have *you* enough to make sure of tackling them? If so, just name the date and place, and the sooner the better.'" "Idealist" observes that it is often the "disagreeables" in high places who start war-making, and that by timely treatment of them we should purge ourselves of the unfittest and keep the fittest at home.

EVERYTHING is to be done decently and in order. They are to have a fine "send off," no weapons except brick-bats and hairpins, and once in the field all communications are to be cut. They may even choose their own memorials before they start, and are to be assured of touching obituary notices. "Idealist" who writes from Hanwell, seems to be strangely anxious that a number of doctors, nurses, and attendants should be "nicked" off instantly. Surely, however, personal feeling should not be allowed to intrude in Empire concerns. The "nicking off" committee must be chosen with care, and should act with firmness. We shall all thank "Idealist" for his proposals, but must entrust them to worthy hands. I can think of no one better than myself for the task—but, there, I was ever self-sacrificing!

THE war has taken from me many of my friends, and has rudely labelled me as one of the ancients. I am officially too old to fight, and my cherished illusions that I was still a bright young fellow have been cruelly shattered. Worse than this, a new set of companions has been forced on me. They are elderly gentlemen who are confirmed in elderly ways. So I run a sad risk of becoming artificially older than I really am. When the boys come home I shall be compelled to be exuberantly kiddish in order to readjust matters. I shall have to make several visits to Vine Street to convince my youngers that I am fit to associate with them. I make this explanation in good time, and trust that my friends will have the fairness to remember it when they read my name in the police news in the early days of peace.

STILL, of course, quite seriously, war is all wrong. When the existing outbreak is ended, and while its wounds and anguish are still fresh on us—we must work for some better way. Youth can be garlanded by other hands than those of Death, and Youth is too splendid to be bleeding and torn.

The Caution of Age—

THE RECRUITING OFFICER: "One grandfather living? Is he on your father's or mother's side?"
RECRUIT: "Oh! sometimes 'e's on faver's side, and sometimes on muvver's, but generally speaking 'e's nootral"

—Shown Twice on One Page

"Can you direct me to the best hotel here?"
"Yes, zur, but I beaint agoin' to"
"Oh! Why?"
"Cause when ye zees it you'll zay I be liar!"

The Bystander in Paris

A VERY DRY STORY

HE had been back from the Front just long enough for the bloom to have worn off the peach, as it were. You know how it always is. For the first few days the feel of the pavement underfoot sends the *joie de vivre* seething up in your veins like the bubbles in a glass of champagne. The absence of mud and dust is a joy of itself. A bath, whenever you want it, is bliss. Everything you eat is delicious with the accessories of clean table linen, bright silver, and plates which are neither of tin nor enamel. And almost any drink tastes gloriously good when you don't have to slop it out of a cracked teacup or an enamelled mug with a hole in it which you have to plug with your finger. But the newness wears off things, and after the first day or two a man gets quite used even to sleeping between clean sheets in a bed and in the comparative silence of an un-bombed, unbombarded town with real women in it—I mean in the town *bien entendu*. And with use comes the power of little everyday drawbacks to irritate.

"'Call themselves Allies!' he roared, and nearly upset the whiskey bottle"

"*Liberté!*" he said excitedly. "*Égalité!*" he roared. "*Fraternité!*" His voice rose and he almost squeaked. "Pooh! Bah! Tush! Coffee of the Peace! I should think so indeed. Pacifists, I suppose! Might almost as well be Boches! *Liberté! Égalité! Fraternité!* I've got no *patience!*" He certainly hadn't got much patience, for he was stamping about, endangering everybody's toes, and in his excitement trying to put his pipe in his mouth by the bowl end, which act of imprudence and absence of mind added materially to his annoyance. "Call themselves Allies!" he roared, and nearly upset the whiskey bottle. I rescued it hastily (several of them had turned up unexpectedly—subalterns, not whiskey bottles, but I am catching the infection of his incoherence), and asked for an explanation. He is a baby warrior with the war tan on his face and medals on his chest. A breezy mortal who was a very thirsty and a very angry one.

"Three of us had him down on the floor and tried to calm him with a siphon"

"ROTTEN!" he said. "You newspaper fellows must have *some* influence, or what's the good of you? You've got to write about this to the papers! It's a scandal." "I believe you," I said, "but not even a journalist can write about a scandal unless he knows what it is." "Why," he clamoured in all innocence, "I've been telling you for the last twenty minutes." "No," I said gently, "you haven't exactly done that. You have expressed disapproval of the motto of the French Republic——." "I should think so!" he shouted. "*Liberté!* Wuff!! *Égalité*——!!! Grrh!!!! *Fraternité*——!!!!! Wow———!!!!!"

"WHAT I want are the dry facts," I said. "*Dry* facts," he yelled, "*dry* facts!! *Dry* ones!!! I should think so, good Lord! But everybody bullies the soldier! Why, I got a note from Cox's this morning." "Oh," said I, "if you have overdrawn your account——." "Rubbish,"

(Continued on page 412)

An Allied Princess

The latest portrait of Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the King and Queen of Roumania

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded from page 410*)

said he, aggressively. "What is a banking-account for? Besides the blighters draw our pay

"'Pardong, mashoo,' said the waiter idiot, 'Na poo!'"

weeks in advance and make goodness knows how much money out of it, anyway. Overdrawn my account, indeed! I had one pound three and fourpence in it, because I like to keep a balance there, and they write and tell me that they've paid £6 5*s.* 4*d.* for income tax, and will I please remit the balance, because if I don't they will not be able to honour my cheque. And me a captain with his Majesty's commission!" "Don't break the glass," I said. "Fill it," he growled at me.

❀

I SUGGESTED that the carpet had been beaten already, and that if he went on stamping about we should all get sore throats from the dust. "Sore throats!" he said. "Dust! My throat's full of dust. I'm as dry as a bone. Coffee of the Peace! *Liberté! Égalité! Fraternité!* Wuff! Wow! Grrh!" There was a short interlude while three of us held him down on the floor and tried to calm him with a siphon. That eased the strain on his temper a little, and he became a little more explanatory. "It was a quarter past ten," he said, "a quarter past twenty-two, as the official idiots call it here, when I sat down at the Café de la Paix and asked for a drink. The damned waiter na-pooed it." "Did what to it?" I asked. "Did what to what?" "Na-pooed it! Na-pooed the adjectival drink! Good Lord, I thought you talked French!" "So I do," I said, mildly, "perhaps that's why——." "Oh, rot," he said. "I said, 'Here, waiter, garsong, gimme a whiskey and soda, nec dum! A three-finger peg and look slippy.' 'Pardong, Mashoo,' said the waiter idiot, 'na poo!' and he began piling chairs upside down on chairs, and tables upside down on tables. 'Drink, you Josser,' I said, and he grinned like an idiot. 'Trop tard,' he said.

❀

"I TOLD him it wasn't trop tard. I looked at my watch to prove it, but it wouldn't prove it because my watch always stops at a quarter to three, when I forget to wind it up the night before. That idiot of a waiter grinned again and went away. I began to get angry. I shouted for the jerrong" (I think he meant the manager, or *gérant*). "The jerrong was one of those fat greasy men with a face like cheap putty which has been left out in the sun too long and a mole which he petted with whiskers on it. He grinned like a baboon and danced a ballet with his hands and talked like a brass hat or a telephone clerk. 'Look here,' I said, 'is this the Café de la Paix, or is it not the Café de la Paix?' 'Mais oui, Mashoo,' he said, grinning again and doing some more Swedish gymnastics with his arms. 'Then,' said I, 'donny boire toody sweet.' Instead of toody sweeting he jabbered French at me again till even in the dark I could see the cab-horses wincing. 'Ecooty!' I said, 'I am a British officer.' And what do you think that monkey-faced sardine replied to that?" "*Qu'est ce que vous voulez que je vous dise?*" said I. "Oh, he didn't say that till afterwards. When I told him I was a British officer and wanted a drink the brute replied, '*Vive l'Entente Cordiale.*' What do you think of that?" I said I thought it was a very dry way of putting it. And my friend from the Front is very much annoyed with me now. But he was immensely bucked on learning that the Café de la Paix had recently to pay a heavy fine (I think it was £800) for serving soldiers at an hour when the French authorities said they must not be served. "Coffee of the Peace!" he says, "*Pas semi-demmy!*"

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

"Vive l'Entente Cordiale"

MORE "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

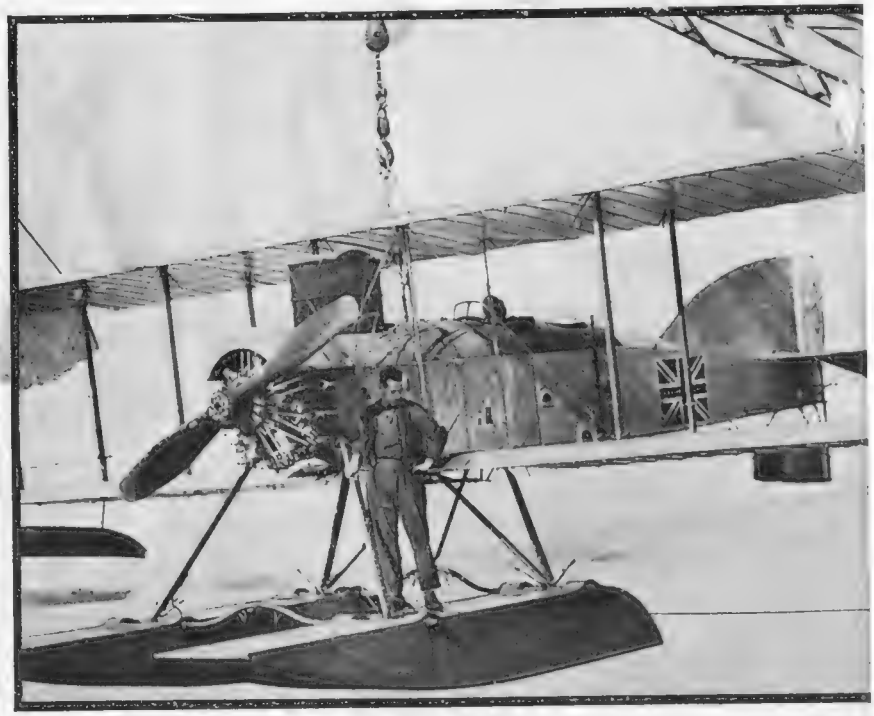
Tactical Developments

PASSED BY CENSOR

Private 9998 Blobs has always thought a machine for imitating the sound of ration parties (and thus drawing fire) an excellent idea, but simply hates his evening for working it

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

The World-Wide War



ON THE SALONICA FRONT

A British sea-plane, at home in two elements, being lowered to the water from its paren

ON THE ITALIAN FRONT

A communication trench constructed of earthwork, supported by wattle hurdles, with a board flooring to keep the men's feet dry

ON THE GERMAN SEA-FRONT IN BELGIUM

A German naval battery in action against British ships off Nieuport, whose guns have clearly already proved very troublesome

From East and West

ship

ON THE BALKAN FRONT

One of the Allies' heavy guns about to talk to the Bulgarians

ON THE EGYPTIAN FRONT

Lord Denbigh with his monkey-mascot, the regimental pet, enjoying a little relaxation outside his quarters

ON THE ROUMANIAN FRONT

A typical cavalryman of our new Ally's army, with a reminiscent touch of the Crusader about him

The Vision Feminine

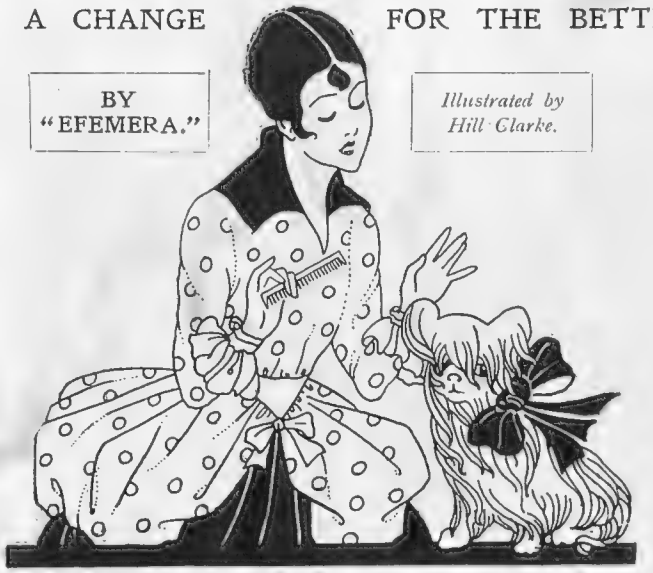
A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER

BY "EFEMERA."

Illustrated by Hill Clarke.

The Common Round

ONE of the recognised needs of human nature is, I believe, that of a complete change from the ordinary occupations of life. All work and no play, or the reverse, makes Jack a dull boy. One is bound to go stale if one keeps on doing the same thing day in, day out with nothing different. You might as well be a prisoner condemned to the treadmill—and no one expects to find much joy of life or freshness of outlook in a prisoner, no one, at least, but a slave-driver or a confirmed optimist.



"Combing and tittivating the toy dog"

❀ ❀

The Obvious

THIS has been pretty well recognised with regard to men and school-children; only women seem, for some obscure reason, to have been left out of the count. And yet it is quite obvious that women need a change just as much as men. You have only to look about you to see the truth of this. Why anyone in their senses should expect women to go on for ever at the same dull job, with never a change, passes my comprehension. But some people are so constituted that they never see anything until that thing flies up and hits them in the face. Then they take it as a grievance.

❀ ❀

A Dog's Life

LET anyone who doubts turn his or her attention to the dullness, the wholly unnecessary staleness all about us. Let him or her observe the wretched condition of swarms of miserable women. A great many have, of course, broken through the barriers and insisted upon a change at all costs. They have taken to nursing, to munition-making, to conducting trams, and delivering letters, punching tickets, and what not. The time came when they simply would not continue in the same old round any longer. But look at those who remain: overworked, over-burdened with the worries of getting new clothes, of keeping up their form at golf and bridge, of combing and tittivating the toy dog, of forcibly entertaining wounded and home-on-leaves. . . . A dog's life, with never an instant of relief or relaxation.

❀ ❀

Frivolomania

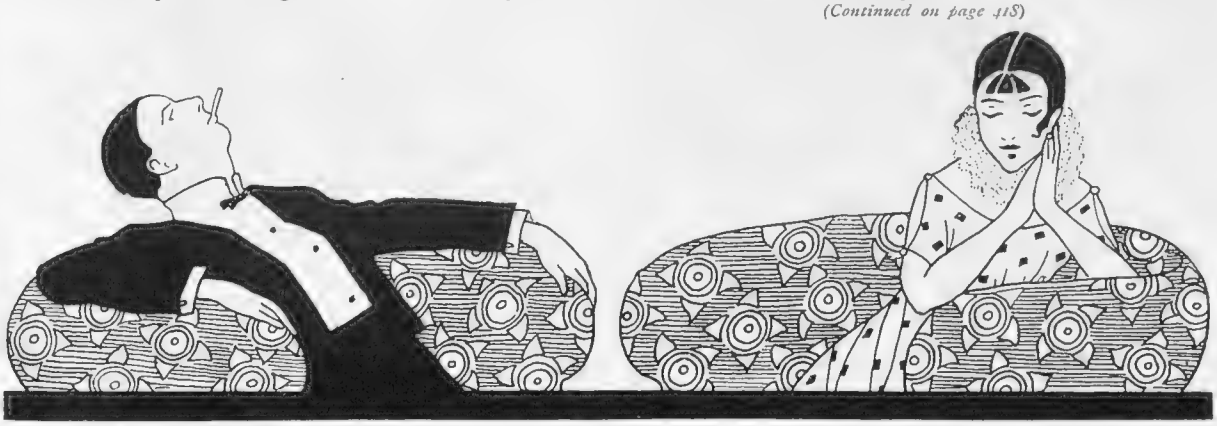
NO wonder they are discontented. How can one expect any woman condemned to such an existence to keep her looks and spirits? That I have drawn a dark picture I am aware, but I fear that it is a true one. And the worst of it is that so hopeless a grind ends by producing a state of apathy from which even the latest scandal is powerless to arouse the victim. In many cases a peculiar hallucination develops: the afflicted ones suffer from the illusion that their occupation is indispensable. They are, apparently, persuaded that amateur variety shows, suppers at smart restaurants, etc., are necessary to the conduct of the war and the life of the nation. A sort of frivolomania, I suppose—in any case a remarkable pathological condition deserving serious attention.

❀ ❀

A New Society

SOMETHING, I think, should be done for these unfortunate women. We cannot, as a nation, afford to sacrifice so many valuable lives to what, after

(Continued on page 418)



"Frivolomania—Supper at smart restaurants are necessary for . . . ."

19
41.

Appearing in "Some"—But Not Much!

MISS JOSEY DAMEUSE

Of whom this is an attractive and interesting portrait, is now playing at the Vaudeville Theatre

THE VISION FEMININE (concluded from page 416)

all, is a mere superstition—for it is a superstition to take for granted that only women can do without a change. We have societies to protect animals and

"There is still room for scrubbers"

sweated workers, societies to provide milk for babies and fresh air for children; we need a society to provide women with a thorough change of occupation and surroundings. If such an organisation were in existence, think what it could do—think of the benefit to hundreds, if not thousands, of struggling women, overwhelmed by a monotonous round of social duties!

❀ ❀

A Pleasant Change

IT is true that most of the best opportunities for a complete change have already been snapped up by strong-minded females intent on seizing the advantage, but infinite possibilities remain. The society could, for instance, take some of our over-worked and soul-deadened sisters and put them to scrubbing floors, cooking meals, or tending fowls. Or they might begin gently by mending clothes for themselves and their families and pass on to mending for Tommies. They could take charge of munition-workers' children, feed, bathe, and air them. It would be a pleasant change from the Peke's toilet. Housework would prove an excellent diversion after dull months of golf, and consider the relief to a mind benumbed by bridge of a course of rolling bandages and making swabs! And the poor brain racked with devising new frocks might find ease and refreshment in house-to-house work under a district nurse.

❀ ❀

More Suggestions

THERE is still room, I think, for scrubbers and dish-washers in many of our hospitals, and I am quite sure that our farmers are sufficiently charitable to permit a number of these poor victims of monotony to work upon their land. Perhaps, too, some of the women already enjoying a change of occupation would be willing generously to cede their places for a fortnight or a month in order that their less fortunate sisters might benefit. There is also the cleaning-out of canteens and recreation huts, and the supplementing of canteen workers, any of which jobs should prove a welcome contrast to sustained

"Or tending fowls"

and frantic endeavours to entertain willy-nilly the *blasé* members, whole and wounded, of His Majesty's forces, and incidentally the entertainer's self and friends. Wheeling a perambulator containing a working-woman's child, or a convalescent soldier's bath-chair would agreeably relax nerves over-taxed by too much motoring. Carrying up her own coals would be a most wholesome exercise for a giddy woman—her sense of balance might even be permanently restored.

"A most wholesome exercise for a giddy woman"

❀ ❀

Compulsion

YOU see, there is practically no end to the different sorts of change a woman can get, the great trouble is lack of imagination and initiative. And this, as I have already shown, is chiefly the result of monotony. One gets into a rut and one simply cannot get out of it. If the unfortunate victims are so far gone as to be incapable of insisting on a change—and taking it, some sort of compulsion may become requisite. Some people have to be made to do what is good for them. EFEMERA

Laughter on the Land

OUR NEW HARVESTERS.

Looking—and not only looking—extremely workwomanlike, on Lord Rayleigh's farm at Terling. In the upper picture the girls are seen starting off for their day's work: in the lower—with its faint reminiscence of the chorus of a musical comedy—they are "bringing their sheaves with them." In both the smile invariably provoked by the camera is conspicuous

The Bystander in Copenhagen

PAN-SCANDINAVIA

PAN-SCANDINAVIA is the coming political fact of which Britain must take heed. Germany may be crushed more quickly and German trade after the war may be kept within lawful limits if only English statesmen now seize their chance. I paid a brief visit here to find out what happened at the mysterious inter-Premier conference at the Amalienborg Palace and at the still more mysterious unofficial conference held between representatives of Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian trade. The fact transpires that Scandinavia is on the eve of diplomatic, military, and economic union; and it depends upon British action, and, of course, on German action, to decide in which scale the Scandinavian weight shall be thrown.

I FOUND all Copenhagen talking about the coming economic alliance. The ground is prepared. The three States have the same money system, and postal arrangements which grant mutual privileges. Norway has taken the initiative in the economic alliance question. She has proposed to Sweden a Swedo-Norwegian Trades Council. The aim here is against Germany. Germany is booming her resolution to swamp neutral countries after the war with dump goods, so getting back at a swoop her lost markets. Norway and Sweden are frightened, and they have decided that they must either join the *Entente* economic league or be swallowed by the Austro-Turko-German. If they stay outside both, they are lost.

⁂

I WENT to the Amalienborg Palace and saw the room where the Premiers with their Foreign Ministers began the concoction of an alliance which may have vital results for the war and for us. The men in council were Sweden's pro-German Premier Hammarskjöld, Sweden's strongly pro-*Entente* Foreign Minister Wallenberg, Norway's pro-*Entente* Premier and Foreign Minister Knudsen and Ihlen, and the Radical, pro-*Entente*, but terribly-frightened-of-Germany Danish Premier and Foreign Minister Zahle and Scavenius. The conference got half way to an alliance. Sweden is practically pledged to help Denmark if Germany tries to enforce the closing of the Sound—as has twice been threatened—Denmark will help Sweden "pacifically" in negotiations with England about transit to Russia, and both will help Norway in the unlikely contingency of Russia asking for an Atlantic port.

⁂

SCAVENIUS, Hammarskjöld (who is ambitious), and Knudsen are the three urgent Scandinavists. When I talked to Knudsen a month after war broke out he said there were no such plans. Things have changed. The chief unofficial boomster of Pan-Scandinavia is Sigurd Ibsen, ex-Prime Minister of Norway, and son of the great Henrik. Sigurd wants to tear up the Treaty of 1907, in which four Great Powers guaranteed Norway's neutrality; when it is torn up, he says, Norway will be really independent in foreign policy; and Sigurd asks for "A Scandinavian Monroe Doctrine."

⁂

SWEDEN wants to boss the new show; and she says that Denmark, if she expects benefits, must improve her army, which badly needs improving. Sweden will put in the field 525,000 good soldiers, 350,000 of them active army men, well trained and led, and Norway and Denmark can raise at least 350,000 less well trained men. At a pinch, nearly a million men could be raised, and when the war has lasted some time longer and only old men are left, a million might decide it.

⁂

THE Pan-Scandinavian league will be neither pro-German nor pro-*Entente*. It will be pro-Scandinavian, and it will take sides with the group which courts it, and promises it profits. England had better look the matter up. At present, without in the least disturbing the Germans, our Foreign Office flaunts, flouts, and ignores all three Scandinavian States.

ONCE-UPON-A-TIME

THE HUSBAND: "What on earth are you laughing at, my dear?"

THE WIFE: "Why! The cookery-book says: 'Take 1 lb. butter, 12 eggs, and 1 lb. sugar!'"

(The above drawing, reproduced from "Fliegende Blätter," seems to indicate that there is a previously unsuspected sense of humour among the Germans)

DUNLOP PHILOSOPHY

(3)

I cannot comprehend the cast-iron conscience of the man who, in this time of war, persists in buying foreign tyres, to the detriment of his country.

DORAKLEEN COMPLEXION

DORAKLEEN SKIN FOOD

Dorakleen Beautifying Skin Food is unique in its stimulating properties; it not only clears a bad skin of all impurities, but also beautifies and improves a good one. It removes freckles and sunburn, prevents lines, crowsfeet, and similar defects; and produces a smooth, soft and flawless skin. Prices **3/6, 6/6, 12/6,** and **21/-.**

FOR LONG EYELASHES

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Expeditionary Force, 6d. extra.

BELLICOSITIES

IT is said that the reason why, at the eleventh hour, the Cabinet decided not to be filmed was that they feared they might lower themselves in the esteem of the public. Pretty innocents; as if they could!

WE notice that our daily contemporaries have assumed that the *Deutschland*, over the "return" of which there have been great rejoicings in Berlin, is the same *Deutschland* that made a successful voyage to the States. Of course, it may be, but a German statement to that effect is not evidence.

AN absentee arrested in the country assured the magistrate that having been working and living in the fields he knew nothing of registration, and was only vaguely aware that there was a war on. Escaped from the Foreign Office, no doubt.

A GERMAN prisoner, once a waiter at the Savoy, is said to have expressed genuine pleasure on hearing that what one might perhaps call his spiritual home had not been destroyed by Zeppelins.

THE demand for hundreds of "educated women" for this season's hop-picking shows that at last the resources of this country are really being mobilised. Nevertheless, the extent to which women are entering the learned professions is somewhat alarming.

"WHY didn't you walk out?" asked the sympathetic member of an Appeal Tribunal of an appellant who complained of the brusque way in which legitimate protests were treated by the military. "Because I was undressed," was the very reasonable explanation proffered. Under such circumstances a really dignified exit is almost impossible.

OUR armies on the Tigris are said to be speaking disrespectfully of the Garden of Eden. As Mr. Gus Elen might put it, "It would really be a very pretty garden if it wasn't for the eras in between."

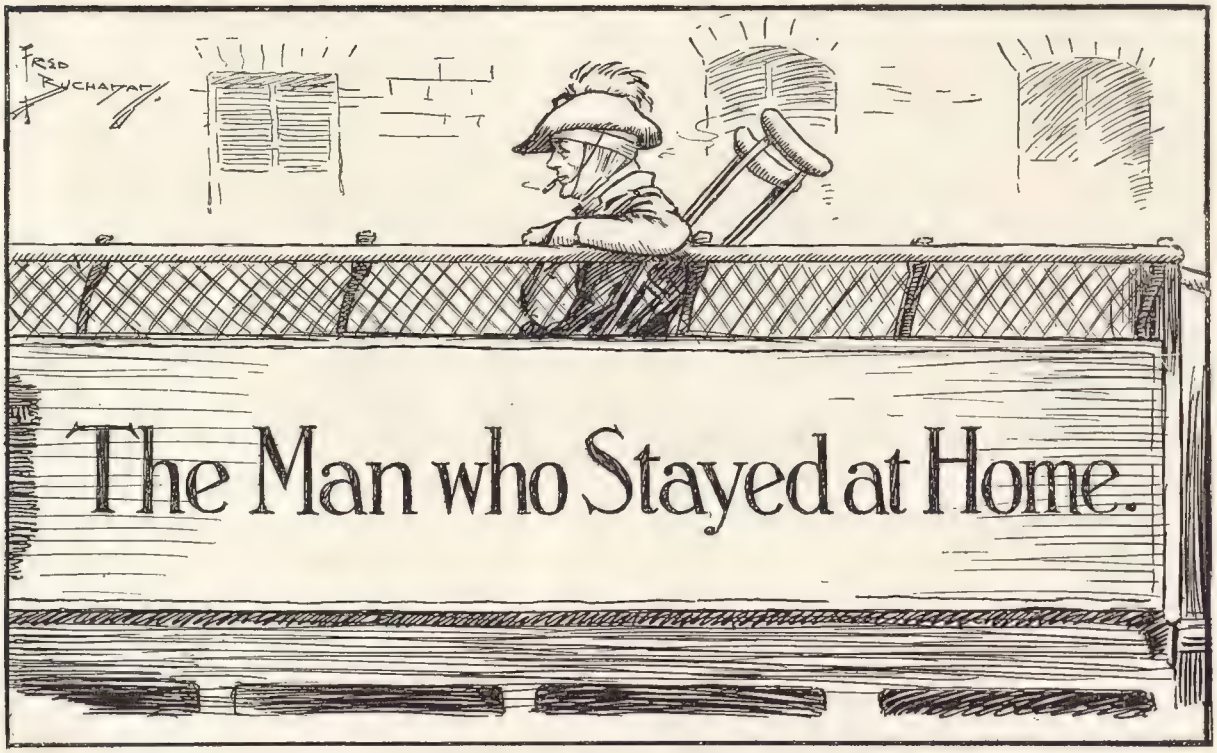
SIR JAMES YOXALL says that the best equipped man is the one who knows, and reads in, the two great dead languages, and two or three modern ones as well. He doesn't say whether for hut-contracting or for commenting thereon.

IN the course of a case in which a woman was convicted of obtaining money from a policeman under false pretences, it was stated that the Force is often victimised in this way, the offenders always being women. Only a woman would dare to touch a policeman.

THOUGH Charing Cross Railway Bridge is said to be in no immediate danger of collapse, it is understood to be in such a weak state that even the passage of a single set of trucks is enough to impose a good-strain upon it.

AFTER a recent tennis tournament for the benefit of wounded soldiers, a racket used in the play was sold for six guineas, and some of the balls fetched a sovereign apiece. But why no statement of the "net" profit?

THE German Chancellor is now asking that Germany may be "protected from attack in the future." As everyone now knows, in August, 1914, the British wantonly overran Belgium and attacked Germany on her own frontiers, ill-treating the poor German women and children most horridly. And naturally the Chancellor doesn't want that sort of thing to happen again.



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LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"High Jinks" at the Adelphi Theatre

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

This is a musical comedy with all the necessary ingredients for a great and enduring success. It runs along in that light and airy, but always extremely proper, fashion that is so highly favoured by the greater public. The popularity of the music is, I am told by tuneful friends, already assured, especially as there is at least one tune that can be whistled in the streets by everyone disposed to that form of relaxation. The stirring words of this particular song inform us that their melody is one which keeps "tingle-ingle-ingling in your ear," and to that pregnant announcement I have nothing to add. The reception of the song on the first night was quite wildly enthusiastic.

The germ of the plot is supplied by a magical scent, the discovery of a traveller in African wilds. A few drops of this scent sprinkled on the pocket-handkerchief creates in the most dismal person a craving for "High Jinks"—which, I understand, is a Scottish term for behaviour that has a tendency towards the riotous. The idea is not, perhaps, quite new; but it is always good for plenty of honest fun. There was a version of it a few years ago which told of the scattering of a perfume of this sort among a bevy of middle-aged maiden ladies, and everybody knows what that kind of lady is like when she gets temporarily out of hand. In this entertainment, one of the first of the performers to experience the rejuvenating effects of "High Jinks" is Mr. Tom Walls, who is transformed at once from an elderly hypochondriac to a dancer of the sprightliest kind, all to the distinct advantage of the production.

The backbone of the piece is Dr. Thorne, an American specialist practising in Paris. This part is represented by Mr. W. H. Berry, who personally conducts most of the decorous fun with every resource known to the experienced humorist. Dr. Thorne's trouble begins when Señor Rabelais, an excitable Spanish gentleman, hurries upon the scene dragging his afflicted wife by the hand. The unfortunate lady, it appears, has swallowed a safety-pin (I am sorry I have no further particulars); and her husband explains that he is in such distress because she has lost her voice in consequence. Dr. Thorne, naturally enough, retorts that the Señor does not appear to know when he is well off. I mean, the application of the stock joke to this emergency is clear evidence of a laudable desire for absolute correctness of detail in this production. The obstruction in the unhappy lady's throat having been successfully removed, she shows her gratitude by giving the doctor a cosy little kiss, unaware of the fact that

(*Continued on page 428*)

Maison Lyons

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French Pastries	3/- dozen
Entremets de Table	from 1/-
Fancy Gateaux	1/3, 3/-
Bonbons Variés	from 1/- lb.
Marrons Glacés	4/- lb.

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THIS NEW MAISON LYONS IS ALSO A SUPER CAFÉ OF CHARACTER, PROVIDING INEXPENSIVE ENTERTAINMENT IN KEEPING WITH THE CALL FOR WAR-TIME ECONOMY. "CORNER HOUSE" PRICES.

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which is to furnish and equip a home for permanently disabled sailors and soldiers, to occupy the famous site on Richmond Hill.

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Your Chemist sells it—6d., 1/- & 1/6 tins

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The body needs air as much as the lungs. To ignore this fact creates fatigue and courts serious trouble.

Then the cumbersome weight of an oiled-silk interlined coat! Well, the less said about it the better!

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"Tingle-ingle-ingling"

The Adelphi's new musical comedy, "High Jinks," is full of jolly music and really funny situations, both of which factors should prove sure passports to the popularity the piece deserves to achieve

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded from page 424*)

her wrathful husband is a witness to the tragedy.

❀

It is commonly understood in polite fiction that if you kiss a Spanish gentleman's wife you must die forthwith. Indeed, Spaniards in plays always carry revolvers in their hip-pockets, so that they may be ready for emergencies, and the Spanish gentleman here is no exception to the very golden rule. Señor Rabelais at once flourishes his revolver in the face of Dr. Thorne, and then, apparently remembering that he bears a name associated with the possession of a sense of humour, he returns the weapon to his pocket and opens negotiations for peace terms. In effect, he will not shoot provided the doctor will allow him to kiss Mrs. Thorne, just as the Señora has kissed the doctor himself. Naturally the doctor is horrified at the mere suggestion. The good reputation of musical comedy for strict propriety makes his horror necessary; although, as Rabelais is young and handsome, while the doctor is rather emphatically neither, the lady may, for all I know to the contrary, have enjoyed the experience with which she is threatened. I have heard that cases of the kind have been known.

❀

Dr. Thorne finds a way out of the dilemma. He hurries his wife away to a distant part, and then himself proceeds to a seaside resort called Beauville with another lady who has charitably volunteered to represent herself as his wife in case there should at any time be a rush of unauthorised kissing. After all, there must be martyrs in every great cause. At Beauville, naturally, everyone meets everyone else, and the perfume that makes people lively is used to advantage on more than one occasion. The interest in the story is maintained with commendable ingenuity to the end. Miss Nellie Taylor scored a distinct hit with her song, "Love's Own Kiss," which was encored again and again; and Mr. Peter Gawthorne, who is responsible for the "tingle-ingle" ditty, had a really royal reception. Mr. Berry is capitally suited with humorous songs, one of which has the gentle refrain: "I could be Nice to a Nice Little Girl, if she would be Nice to Me." And so say all of us! Jingle

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A lone sentry of the United States Army ("Expeditionary Force to Mexico") on the banks of the Rio Grande

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MUSICAL NOTES

THE "PROMS" AGAIN

EVERY year one has to write the same thing about the Promenade Concerts: they are the real London concerts, they provide music in and of the manner preferred by the mass of concert-goers, they are thoroughly genuine, and, therefore, enjoyable, etc., etc. One gets tired of saying these things, but they must be said because they happen to be true, and none the less so because they have been true for the last ten years. Truth is not to be marred by repetition, tedious as it may be.

❊ ❊

BUT this year the "Proms" have not been favourably received by our more critical nationalists, and perhaps not altogether without reason. For my part, whatever their defects, I shall always support and advertise these concerts, because, so long as good music of any kind is played at them, I am convinced they must do good. Moreover, I know that Sir Henry Wood labours under every possible disadvantage for producing the most interesting work of our most talented younger composers. The compositions themselves are usually difficult and in manuscript, the parts are often inaccurate—and a quantity of rehearsals is an expensive luxury. After all, Sir Henry does not direct a charitable institution, so we cannot expect him to spend a lot of money on compositions that, in the best of circumstances, do not bring more than a few pounds to the box-office.

❊ ❊

STILL, that is not primarily the critic's business. All we have to do is to express our dissatisfaction with the theoretical aspect of the case, which, if nobody ever complained, might be thought to have gone by default. And it is impossible to pretend that the present state of things is satisfactory. The mere fact that there are performed a certain number of compositions by a certain number of British composers has only a strictly limited importance. The point is, what are the compositions? The Ballad Concerts, for instance, are almost exclusively devoted to "works" by British composers, yet we are not disposed to acclaim them as triumphs of national music. Moreover, it might be highly profitable to devote a whole evening to the works of Messrs. Lionel Monckton and Sidney Jones—and I'm sure nobody would enjoy it more than I should!—but the musical importance of such a programme would be insignificant.

❊ ❊

SO, even though it be purely academic, I feel that serious and progressive lovers of music should raise a protest against the exclusion of our more advanced composers from the programmes of the "Proms." Where are Vaughan-Williams, Cyril Scott, Bax, and Delius, not to mention other composers not yet "arrived" at all? This protest we shall raise year after year till something is done; either till some subsidy or guarantee is given to Sir Henry Wood to enable him to do his duty by those whom I believe have been christened the "Post-Elgarians," or till these same composers become economically profitable—and I don't know which is the more unlikely!

MISS GERTIE BIRCH

Whose charming photograph appears above, will soon be abandoning the ideal situation in which she rests for the more strenuous part of an Irish maidservant in the new Jewish play "Abe and Mauruss"—the sequel to the popular "Potash and Perlmutter"

Smart Velour Sailor Hat (as sketch), trimmed with band and bow of Petersham ribbon. In pastel shades and all fashionable colours.

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IN addition to the battle of nations now in progress, the ordinary, everyday battles of life are still being waged in our midst.

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Books of the Week

A YOUNG MAN'S MEMOIRS

Young Reminiscences

You may possibly take up a recently published book called *The End of a Chapter* (Constable: 5*s.* net) and glance at a few pages here and there and decide to read it through. Being, may be, ignorant of the author's name, Shane Leslie, you may determine in your own mind that here is another book of memories by a cheerful octogenarian, probably a retired public servant who has met everybody, known friends of Dr. Johnson, been patted on the head by Wellington or Disraeli, and in general made of his life what is called a success. Yet the very first sentence should give you pause. "People who are old enough to write memoirs have usually lost their memory." So Mr. Leslie is not an octogenarian. Very far from it. He had the luck to be born so recently as the middle-'eighties, and his book has been written in hospital, whilst invalided from the Front.

Eton and King's

In other words, Mr. Shane Leslie is a very young man. That, of course, is immensely in his favour. So, too, is the fact that he was born an Irishman. And now, with the boldness of his race, he has set out to give his memoirs to the world. The thing has been done before. The late Lord Ronald Gower published his first volume of reminiscences while still a young man. Mr. Leslie has not had Lord Ronald's unique opportunities, but he has made the most of those which have come his way. In the first place he had a grandfather of credit and renown. Of Sir John Leslie, but recently dead, there is a multitude of stories to tell. In the second place Mr. Leslie was at Eton and King's — a beautiful combination which it is hard to beat. (I can only suggest Harrow as a better alternative in the matter of schools.) At King's Mr. Leslie was a contemporary of Rupert Brooke, and in common with others who have not yet ventured to write their memoirs, did not appreciate the presence of Indian students at Cambridge.

MR. SYDNEY MOSELEY

The young author of "The Truth About the Dardanelles" (Cassell). Mr. Moseley's writing is full of dash, with an undercurrent of wisdom surprising in a man of his years, and he is well known as a man who never hesitates to speak the truth, a fact which caused the suppression of his book, "With Kitchener to Cairo"

Ireland and Westminster

In Ireland he must have shocked his family by appearing in the guise

(Continued on page 436)

The "Laurie"

School Outfits by Peter Robinson's

always represent best value for money

WE strongly advise parents to select their Boys' and Girls' School Outfits for Next Term well in advance and so avoid inconvenience caused by sending them back with incomplete kit. Unusual conditions of business and scarcity of skilled labour may prevent us completing late orders in time.

We make a specialty of School Outfits and can give authoritative advice on the particular requirements of every school.

Here are descriptions of the garments illustrated :—

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The "Eton"

Peter Robinson, Ltd

H.M.S. "Britannia" leaving the River Dart for the Shipbreaking Yards of Messrs. Hughes, Bolckow & Co., Ltd., of Blyth. As she left the harbour the Naval College Band played "Auld Lang Syne," the Cadets cheered the old ship, and vast crowds sang "Rule Britannia" to her passing.

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The Nursery of the Navy from 1869 to 1905, this grand old ship still serves the Empire's Cause. Obsolete for training purposes, she is being dismantled and her Timber, Copper, Gunmetal and Iron, are making Munitions of War.

Capstan Inkstand. 4¾" high by 5½" base 11/6

Responding to requests from many Naval Officers and their friends, we have arranged to make appropriate and interesting Souvenirs, to a limited extent only, in Oak, Teakwood, and Mahogany taken from the old ship. The authenticity of each piece is guaranteed by our Brass Tablet.

Capstan Blotter, 8/6.

Three small pieces in Teakwood are illustrated. Other examples, as well as many Souvenirs in Copper and Gunmetal, are shown in our

Illustrated Souvenir Book Free on request

Almost 100 pieces are illustrated, covering Cigarette and Cigar Boxes in Copper, Fern Pots, Barrel Jugs, Coal Scoops, Hearth Stands, Copper Candle Sticks, and other useful mementos of the old "Brit."

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At 10, Dover St., you are invited to make leisurely inspection of "Britannia" Souvenirs and Indoor and Outdoor Furniture made from the Timbers of this and other Famous Ships.

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"Viyella"

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We got them at the same time why didn't I buy 'Viyella'?"

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"Viyella" Shirts and Pyjamas are obtainable ready-to-wear or made-to-measure in plain cream and a wide range of smart stripes.

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The manufacturers will be pleased to forward name and address of your nearest or otherwise suitable "Viyella" Outfitter upon request, together with samples of the material and interesting booklet, "A Material Consideration."

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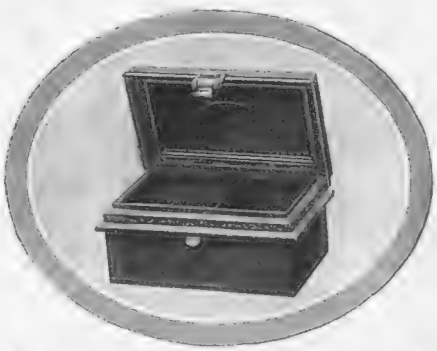
Water-tight Boxes

Price from 15s. to £7. 7s.

(Small size for Cigarettes and Tobacco.)



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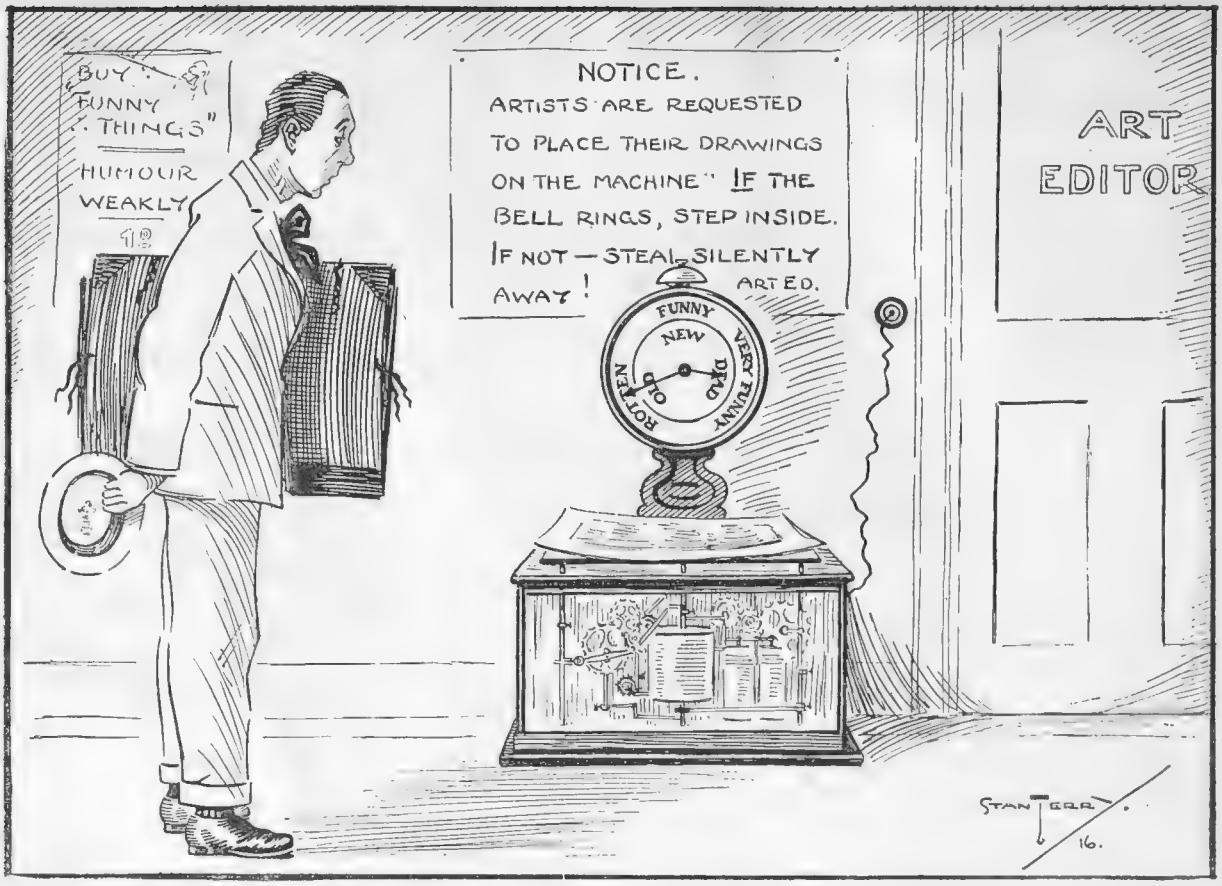

MORE WAR-TIME ECONOMY

Saving the time of the Art Editor

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MALTED MILK

MADE IN ENGLAND

The Ideal Food-Drink for Hot Weather

Although not so inclined for hearty meals in hot weather, still, there is need for ample nutrition to keep you fit and strong. Horlick's Malted Milk supplies maximum nourishment in the lightest possible form, and its natural palatability makes it welcome to all.

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Horlick is the originator of Malted Milk. Do not be influenced to accept an imitation which will cost **you** *the same price.*

Very refreshing with a dash of Soda

Also available in Tablet form to be dissolved in the mouth when needed. They restore strength, prevent fatigue, and relieve thirst.

Of all Chemists and Stores, in Sterilized Glass Bottles, at **1/6, 2/6** & **11/-**; the Tablets also in Glass Flasks at **6d.** & **1/-**
LIBERAL SAMPLE OF EITHER POWDER OR TABLETS SENT POST FREE FOR 4D. IN STAMPS
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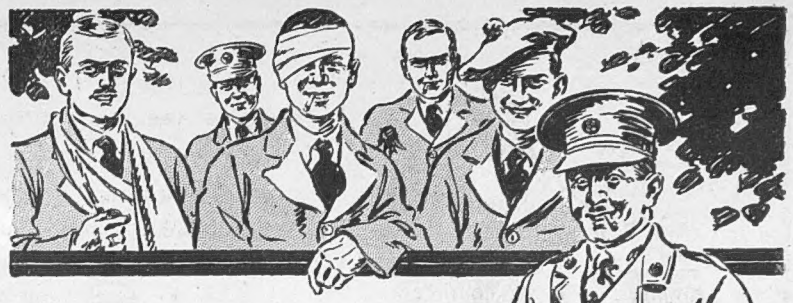

WELL or wounded, there's nothing they appreciate more than the pleasure of listening to the "Decca." Songs, humorous sketches, bands—they revel in such an entertainment. The "Decca" is essentially the gramophone for the Hospital, as also it is for the Front. It is strong, compact, and easy to carry as a handbag. Musically the "Decca" is the equal in tone and in clearness of reproduction to the most expensive gramophones made.

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In Leather-Cloth Case. **£4 10 0** | Compressed Fibre Case. **£5 10 0**

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Of Harrods, Army and Navy Stores, Whiteley's, Selfridge's, Gamage's, and all leading Stores and Music Dealers.

Illustrated Folder, and name of nearest agent, free on application to the Manufacturers:—

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The Hue is, moreover, an elegant fitment, and improves the stove. Can now be supplied immediately from stock.

The HUE is clean, hygienic, and will burn for hours without attention. The HUE has been installed in thousands of private houses, as well as adopted by the principal Railway Companies, Hotels and Institutions. Without question it is the most efficient Barless Fire on the market, and is equally suitable for large or small rooms.

Price from 17/6

POST FREE.

A beautifully illustrated booklet, giving full particulars of the HUE FIRE, and the **Self-Fixing** Model. Send a postcard now to—

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The word "HUE" is cast on every genuine stove. Don't accept substitutes.

At last! Rid of my Superfluous Hair.

"Two visits to Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd., and over fifty ugly hairs removed. I scarcely felt the removal, and the operator's assurance that the hairs will never grow again is the greatest comfort I have had given me for years. They are experts and know."

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Call or Write. *Consultation Free*

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SENTRY DOGS (AIREDALES) as supplied Army in France, 5 gns.

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ABERDEEN, SCOTCH, FOX, IRISH TERRIERS, 5 gns.; pups, 2 gns.

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Miss Risdon (the Film Beauty) writes:—"I use Cur ash regularly. It's splendid." Absolutely harmless to the eyes. Easy to apply.

CURLASH CREAM

(a colourless eye lash food).

Post free 1/- and 1/9, with brush and advice.

THE B.Y BALDWIN MFG CO., 95, Wigmore Street, London, W.

N.B.—A British scientific triumph.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK (concluded from page 432)

of a Nationalist candidate for Parliament. You imagine that he was happier in France than he would have been at Westminster. (Though there are some people who still maintain that they enjoy being Members of Parliament.) Mr. Leslie is also a nephew by marriage of Randolph Churchill, and his little insights into the politicians are vastly amusing. Nor are politicians the only good people to come under the sting of his pen. The author writes with the courage and candour of youth. Yet for all his little cynicisms, and for all the rather cruel epigrams which are sprinkled so freely through his pages, you can see that Mr. Leslie is sincere. The war, he sees, has come to end a chapter which may have been brilliant in its way, but which was far too comfortable to be lasting. The war has come as a vivisector, and Mr. Leslie, lying invalided in his hospital, sends forth his book to be in, so to speak, at the death.

An Inviting Book

The End of a Chapter is very short. There will be some to regret its exceeding slimness. There will be some, too, priding themselves on their wisdom, who will say that Mr. Leslie suffers from inexperience. They will smile, perhaps, at some of his views, and mutter critical words of the sort which Mr. Leslie may (or may not) have been receiving from his Dean a very few years ago. But the book is alive and witty and amusing, and sufficiently daring—even for a young man's first publication. And it may even be that after the war Mr. Leslie will find that on the whole literature is rather more alluring than politics.

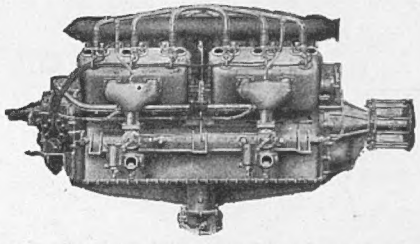
Two Novels

There are some interesting passages in V. Goldie's *Sound Ground* (Long : 6*s*.). The hero is rather a poor fellow ; in fact, there are times when it is difficult to believe in him. Perhaps the trouble is that he was never at a public school. And his relations with the ladies are inclined to be colourless. They are so vividly described, however, and the various little circles into which he ventures are so admirably painted that the book is a pleasure to read. A hero of a very difficult kind is to be found in *The Master Scoundrel* (Long : 6*s*.), by Henry Thurlow. He is one of those gentleman who, like the American Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, obtain great wealth by peculiar means and without undue interference from the police. But he is rather a revolting fellow, with none of Wallingford's good points. The Stock Exchange may be able to appreciate his cleverness.

"Red Cross and Iron Cross"

Of the many books on the war written by eye-witnesses, A Doctor in France's *Red Cross and Iron Cross* (Murray : 3rd edition, 2*s*. 6*d*. net) may be singled out as a little gem of its kind. The book makes pathetic reading, and some frail readers may be afraid of its gruesome sidelights. But the anonymous author has only set down what he has seen himself, and it is good for us at home to know something of what is going on every hour behind those dread lines in France, of which it is so difficult to form any conception at all.

R. S.



12-cyl. SUNBEAM-COATALEN Aircraft Engine.

THE SUPREME

SUNBEAM

War work suits the super-efficient Sunbeam to perfection. It emerges supreme from the stress of it. Our unsurpassed experience of standardising Sunbeam-Coatalen aircraft engines of unprecedented power and proved reliability in such strenuous employ, constitutes a guarantee alike of our ability and intention to supply the public with finer motor carriages than ever on the coming of peace.

The SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR Co.,Ld.,
Wolverhampton. Manchester : 112, Deansgate.
Agents for Cars for London and District :
J. KEELE, LTD., 72, *New Bond Street, W.*

Dunlop Tyres are fitted to Sunbeam Cars as standard.

GAMAGES

Leading Outfitters for all Public and Private Schools

Two Examples of the latest models we are now showing for SCHOOL KIT.

THE "ETON" SUIT

Still remains the correct thing for the smaller school boy, both for best and evening wear.

We stock a perfect fitting Jacket and Vest, made from a fine quality Vicuna, the Trousers in dark and medium grey hairlines, to fit ages 8 to 12.

JACKET and VEST

30/- & 35/-

TROUSERS

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SEND FOR COMPLETE SCHOOL OUTFITTING LISTS CONTAINING SELF-MEASUREMENT FORMS POST FREE

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The correct Public School Jacket and Vest, made from Black Vicuna and Cheviot Cloths, perfectly tailored in the latest Shapes. Seam and Vent or plain back. Stocked to fit ages 11 to 15 years.

JACKET and VEST

32/6 & 38/6

Fancy striped Trousers to wear with same, in Cashmeres and Worsteds. A well cut and hanging Trouser.

12/6 & 15/6

per pair

POST ORDERS ENCLOSING TREASURY NOTES SHOULD BE REGISTERED.

A. W. GAMAGE LTD. HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

It's a Long, Long Way

to Berlin—and it's made all the longer by the unpatriotism of some British motorists.

If we are to get to Berlin we must pay our way—and the country needs every penny that can be spared to do it. Millions of pounds in gold go out of the Empire every year to pay for American Tyres.

Be patriotic—Buy British Tyres—and if you want the best of all the British, buy

CLINCHER

THE FIRST DETACHABLE PNEUMATIC TYRE

ALL PLANTATION RUBBER

MOTOR TYRES.

For Commercial Vehicles fit North British Clincher Solid Rubber Band Tyres.

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO., LTD.,
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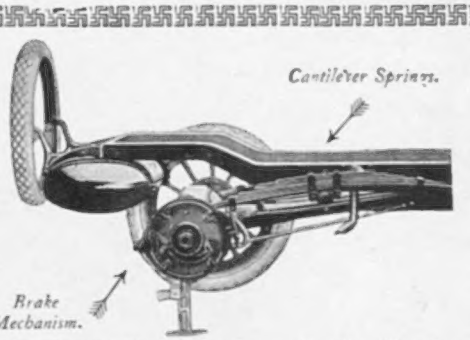
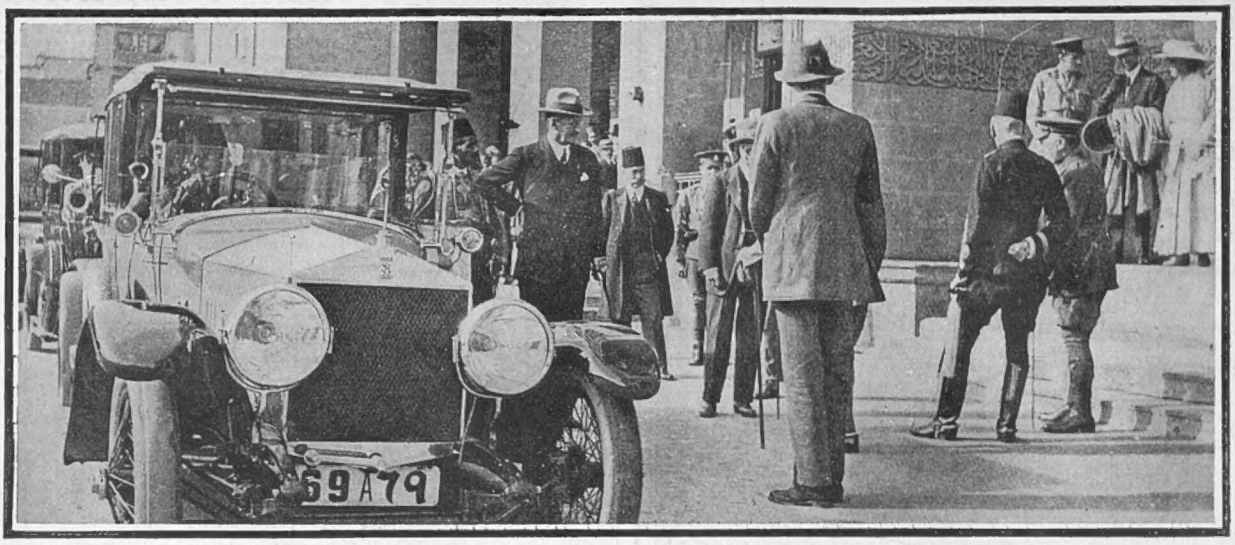


THIS illustration reveals the Cantilever type of springing used on Buick Cars, and the exceptionally strong construction of Buick Brakes. It is to be noted that the springs are long and well proportioned, absorbing road shocks in the most effective manner. Also the brake "drums" are large, the mechanism being very simple, and therefore unlikely to get out of order. Thus the utmost safety and comfort are assured Buick owners.

Owing to our organisation being largely engaged on War Service the output of Buick Cars is at present restricted.

Buick

VALVE-IN-HEAD MOTOR CARS



WHEN HARDINGE CAME TO CAIRO

He used the car of the High Commissioner, Sir Henry McMahon, a Sizaire-Berwick cabriolet. Lord Hardinge is here seen standing by said cabriolet

Motoring: Topics of Transport

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

A Voice

Voice from the next table on the train going north: "It's a great car. Runs like a dream. Powerful as so and so. Splendid to drive. Looks fine. Gives you a sense of satisfaction with yourself. But—my hat! What a glutton for petrol. I could afford to buy it, but I couldn't afford to run it—not at nine miles to a gallon. I do not know what it costs in tyres and repairs, but I guess that bill isn't light. No, boy, I'd love it; but it would ruin me. Besides, how can you justify 9 m.p.g in a time like this, when you can get 20 m.p.g.?" The voice was referring to a certain multi-cylindered car, and it was right. When petrol comes back to a shilling a gallon, that car is undoubtedly one of *the* cars. But until then its manufacturers could hardly expect to find a market, even if conditions gave a fair liberty of running—which they don't.

***

The Great Need

The great need both of the present and the future is to make super-comfort in cars bear a closer relationship than at present exists to economy of transport. Unfortunately the incentive of high petrol cost cannot operate with the manufacturers as it might otherwise have done, for the obvious reason that manufacturers in this country are not manufacturing private motor-cars. However, I suppose the obvious to an outsider is not less so to the insider who has to make a living by watching the trend of the market and adapting his output thereto. If he does not he feels the east wind of adversity blowing where he likes the feel of it least. That's his affair, not ours—until he grumbles at us for our lack of concern for the welfare he should better have looked after himself.

***

The War Profiteers

Talking of British manufacturers reminds me that some of them are not likely to have cause for over-powering gratitude to the Government for favours received. Some, I grant you, have probably been saved by the war. Others would have been quite appreciably better off had the war never been. None of them, so far as I know, is receiving an over generous return for the labour, diligence, and plant devoted to the manufacture of munitions. The margin allowed for depreciation is not too ample. The percentage of profit permitted works out ludicrously in some cases. While certain liberties may have to be surrendered to the assessor of taxes which manufacturers are certainly, and quite properly, not eager to surrender. Shortly, it amounts to this, that motor-car manufacturers, because they happened to have the machinery for the purpose, and because they adapted that machinery to the national requirements, are being (comparatively) penalised now, and their futures jeopardised, to an extent which cannot be squared with any principle of equity. A fraction of the energy, enterprise, and organisation devoted to the production of their own commodities, would, given the market, have brought them a much more adequate return. I am not concerned to beat the big drum about their sacrifices. They are not exceptional in that connection. But they are likely to be exceptional in the comparative poverty of those results of their efforts which they are allowed to retain. They deserve a much better consideration than they seem likely to get.

***

Some Publications

(*a*) "Confound Their Politics," by Mr. A. C. Hills, a motoring worthy with views on most other matters. Hence my receipt of an unaccustomed bookeen. Only thing I can say about it is that it costs a shilling on any bookstall, and makes interesting reading. Whether you agree with the views is your affair. The fact that you are not likely to agree with all of them should be an inducement to buy. Where's the use in buying books which state just what you think? Much more instructive to buy a book of views you don't agree with because they will either confirm you in your faith or convert you to something else. That depends upon the force of their presentation by the author and the arguments he presses in support. You will find Mr. Hills argues fine.

(*b*) Is a catalogue of motoring accessories by the "world's largest wholesale and export motor tool and cycle manufacturers and merchants," Brown Brothers, Ltd. This is a hefty tome of near upon 600 pages, step indexed, usefully arranged, and copiously pictured. There is a miniature edition of the same work for motorists who require it and will write Brown Brothers, Great Eastern Street, London, E.C. Certainly one of the catalogues to have at hand. The only trouble about these books is that they inspire one to spend money on accessories one might be able to rub along without. But you will always get money's worth at Browns.

Motorists! Increase the efficiency of your Electric Lighting and Starting by using a C.A.V. Accumulator. A British Battery for every purpose, and each one the best in its range.—C. A. Vandervell & Co., Ltd., Electrical Engineers, Acton, W.

Hobson Plugs (British made) are being supplied in large numbers to the Allies for use in the Mechanical Transport section and for Aeroplane engines.—Illustrated leaflet with description of types from H. M. Hobson, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., S.W.

Half your Petrol Saved and a better light by having Spensers' Patent Duplex Carburetter fixed to your lighting generator (works with motor petrol and which we can supply under licence).—Spensers Ltd., 53B, South Molton Street, London, W.